

BLACK STAR

Spring, 1986

Vol. 4 No. 1

From the Publisher...

I went to a movie the other night. *The Good Fight* was playing. It was about the International Brigades that fought in the Spanish Civil War back in the late 30s. Studs Terkel narrated and there were some good film clips to make the movie move along. But I got more and more pissed as the movie moved along. It was a pro-communist film that bent history to their liking.

The movie portrayed Stalin and his thugs as the main defenders of the Republic and the first to mobilize against fascism. The movie never told about how the communists after gaining control of the police and army began purging the Republic of "impure ideologues" just as they were doing at the same time in Stalinist Russia. It never mentioned communist commanders using non-communist troops as cannon fodder. It never mentioned that Spaniards became so disillusioned with the brutality and cynicism of communism that they wondered what they were fighting for and Republican morale plummeted. In their minds communism and fascism became blurred. And for good reason.

For the life of me I can't understand why Marx, Lenin and all the rest of those babbling pedants still draw followers. Is the Soviet Union with its bankrupt ideology of oppression something to strive for? Is there a communist country in the world where tolerance of opinion is even haphazardly practiced? Russia? North Korea? Ethiopia? Ah, but freedom can't be quantified into economics and so to the communist is irrelevant.

Crudeness is the salient feature of communism. I've always thought that if you let Mr. Marx into your home for coffee and pastry he'd unashamedly fart loudly and frequently. It's that sort of ideology.

I doubt whether pinkos will ever get it through their thick skulls that communism is a complete failure: *economically and socially*. In fact I believe communist government to be in many ways far worse than the government we chafe under. Surprising words from an Anarchist? Not really. I know what would happen to me if I tried to publish *Black Star* in a communist country. And what would happen to you if the Cheka came one night and found you snickering over one of our articles buffooning government. Well we'd probably be cell mates.

A job is a sobering reality. Something you resign yourself to doing. No work, no food. And of course the only thing worse than getting up early to trudge off to work is getting up early to trudge off to find work. Job hunting is a

continued on next page...

WORLDGRAM Liberal Bias

As the US media thumps its chest in self-congratulation for exposing Marcos's evil, everyone has an opportunity to get sick. It was just chance, of course, that their scrutiny coincided with the general drift of the government. But where were they during the previous 20 years of evil, when Marcos subjected the Philippines to grinding poverty and despair? Why don't the daily atrocities in Chile, South Korea, and Guatemala command headlines day after day, until other state criminals are hounded to oblivion? An obvious and spineless conformity to officialdom makes hollow any claim to independence. The media and government circle endlessly, their noses to each other's tail. The media's most recent exploits have been a stunning expose—of themselves.

Star Gore

"Our future just about has to be in space for survival," said Francis Scobee before he hurtled to his death on a space-bomb. After the disaster a plague of platitudes began: "A trillion \$\$\$ is a pittance compared to the promise," and throughout the endless twaddle of "new horizons" and "the need to push on" no one mentioned the crucial fact that the space program represents annihilation.

The shuttle brought Star Wars to the stratosphere, and escalated prospects for the battle. Few have exposed all the blabbering of "noble" intentions to call space exploration what it is: The severest terrorist threat the world has ever known.

Newspeak

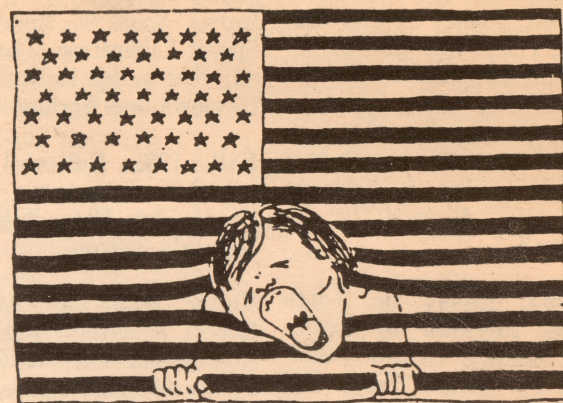
"El Salvador is a democracy," lied President Reagan in his State of the Empire address. This is how the Orwellian administration depicts the Duarte regime, whose 1984 elections were an exercise in intimidation, where crowds were forced to choose between two overseers of death squads, and where any opposition was in exile, in the jungle, or murdered. Now the CIA reports that the "human rights situation has greatly improved and that US training will further contribute to that trend of improvement," leading Reagan to push for a \$54 million package for Central American police squads in 1984. But besides a dramatic increase in the napalming and bombing of rural El Salvador, many human rights groups have just publicized that death squads still flourish, and have actually doubled according to Tutela Legal.

continued on next page...

INSIDE:

Poems by Francisco Urondo

Holy Fascism: A Vatican Affair



Contra Terror!

Dancing with B. TRAVEN

HAY- MARKET '86

From the Publisher continued...

full course meal of humiliation and prostration. And for desert, if you convince them that you'll be obedient and servile you might get that stinkin' job you said you'd die for. Thanks for the job. Yeah, thanks a whole hell of a lot!

That's where I find myself now and I'm taking tons of shit dished up by potential-future bosses. "So you want to work for me, eh? Speak up!" My life's ambition sire. "Good. Can you do the job? Huh!" Yes, I think I can handle pumping gas into a car you asshole. "Good. Now about the pay. You put down you wanted \$5.00 an hour. Well I tell ya you ain't worth five an hour to me." "But I need at least enough to get by on," I say with utmost sincerity. "Hmmm. Sounds like you got an attitude problem. I'll call you if I need you."

Wage exploitation, bossism, work ethic, crap, respect for authority, God, minimum wage, unemployment, prissy secretaries, profit, private property, jerk-off managers, owners and foreman. Wrap it all up into one greasy burrito and you've got a sickening labor policy a la capitalist cuisine.

Oh, I'll find a job soon enough because I know how to keep my mouth shut and nod my head subserviently in agreement. It's just my writing hand I find hard to control.

I just wanted to say thanks to all you people that subscribed and contributed to this issue. I was able to buy a postal permit which helps out a lot. Below is a list of *Black Star's* friends:

Myron Anderson, Maria Cadaxa, Tom Carpenter, Hal C. Patee, Richard Cohn, E.J. Manogue, Jr., Olive Ann Knight, Neal Wilgus, B.T. Books, Geoff Hall, Dave Reissig, Augusta Nobile, Paul Hyatt, Noel W. Scott, Jr. Nick Wolf, New York University, Harry Wade, Mark Feldman, A. Bartell, James Erickson, Michail Canter, Dan Chilinski, State Historical Society, Vine Deloria, Jr., J.C. Watson, Ed Hohnson, Wisconsin Historical Society, John Paulet, and Joel Smith.

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Black Star Back Issues \$1.25 each

Summer, 1983. Essays by Peter Wild and Edward Abbey; Fiction by Steven Dowdall; Poetry by Jim Simmerman; Editorials: *Freedom of the Press* and *Through Life by Force*.

Winter, 1984. *Vietnam Wars* by R.S. Spear; Book Reviews by Robert Houston; Fiction by J. Edgardo Martinez; Essay: *Mormonville* by Fred Woodworth.

Summer, 1984. Essay on South Africa; Book Reviews by Lolita Aguila; Jan Black's *Central America*; Poetry by Arturo Trejo and others.

Revista X, 1985. Editorial: *America Home of the Free*; Poetry by Clifford Saunders; Essay by Edward Herman; Fiction by Abelardo Castillo; Book Review: *Red Sorrow* by Lolita Aguila and much, much more!

Summer, 1985. Noam Chomsky's essay: *Reflections on the Indochina Wars*. *Spanish Anarchy* by R.S. Spear; *Liberation Theology*—exposed; *Rambo* by Lolita Aguila; Book Reviews and Worldgram.

Fall, 1985. Editorial: *Border Patrol*. R.S. Spear goes to Nicaragua. Poems by Pete Wild and Lolita Aguila's *Terror*.

Winter, 1986. *The Line*: Fiction by Robert Houston. Rudolf Rocker on Anarchism. *The Murder of Paul* by F. Woodworth. Foto essay: *A Border Crossing* by Phil Decker. Book Reviews and much more.

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Worldgram continued...

In the age of Reagan there is a simple method for discovering the truth: Simply turn government rhetoric on its head. This will explain why El Salvador's writers, peasants, and teachers are terrified when informed that human rights will continue to "improve" even more.

Right Thinking

Rightist philosophy is so inane that often giggles are impossible to contain. But the depressing truth is that rightist musings supply the guts of imperial policy in the underdeveloped world.

Take John N. Moore, for example, the "expert" in international law who defended the US against Nicaragua at the World Court. Moore grumbles that some people are making "unfounded attacks" on Duarte, the Contras, and other Latin American death merchants, attacks which "are classic examples of left-wing McCarthyism." He compares such fascist-baiting with earlier leftist apologies for Vietnam, when that country aggressively attacked the US and its allies. Moore berates the left for using biased sources and ignoring "that competing governmental information was available from the Department of State."

Hairbrained words, yes, but not empty ones—they come straight from the eagle's beak.

State Standard

Sometimes the sniveling of statisticians can evoke pity—when, for example, they are yelled at for do-

ing no more than following orders. Menachem Begin whined that the Sabra and Shatila massacres were no worse than US free-fire zones in Vietnam; D'Aubisson snarled at the CIA for interfering with the logic of US policy in Vietnam; and Marcos was rightly indignant about an abrupt and uncommon demand for fair elections.

These are the puzzled, whimpering of men who have been held to a double standard. But they did, in fact, misread US policy. They let their terror get out of hand, and aroused too much outcry. No statist is too vicious for the US—even Nazis can be pals—as long as the repression is controlled and mostly invisible. Why even Kadaffi himself could become a democratic model overnight, if he would only conduct his tyranny correctly—in the name of the United States.

ABC Deals

State toadies like Patrick Buchanan rarely hide their revulsion for decency. The hateful ass huffed and puffed when ABC had the gall to allow Soviet propagandist Vladimir Posner a whole 7 minutes to rebut Reagan's propaganda, which had been written by Buchanan. "The debate over what America requires," blubbered Buchanan, "is a debate for America to conduct." Faint peeps were heard from the sidelines, as Rep. Robert Dornan called Posner a "betraying little Jew." The state has many sychophants, and one can easily imagine their ideal world.

Naturally, ABC immediately groveled before the throne, begging forgiveness for their deviation.

The Match! *presents:*

RENT-AN INJUSTICE by I.R. Ybarra

"Ybarra's essay goes right for the throat of those landlord parasites and makes quick work of them. His rough and tumble style gives this woman goosebumps."

—Lolita Aguila
Times correspondent

"My landlord barged into my place one day, saw a copy of Ybarra's pamphlet and kicked my ass right out the door."

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Is this your relationship with your landlord? Then read this pamphlet!

POEMS BY FRANCISCO URONDO

FRANCISCO URONDO was born in Santa Fe, Argentina in 1930. He worked as a journalist and scriptwriter for television and movies and also wrote drama and poetry. He was part of the editorial staff of the magazines *Poesia Buenos Aires* and *Zona*. In 1972 his journalistic work began openly attacking the Argentine government and Urondo was detained in the Villa Devoto Prison located in Buenos Aires. It was there he learned about an army massacre at Trelew from survivors also incarcerated there and wrote about it in his book *La Patria Fusilada* which was published in 1973. In May of 1973 he was freed when the Argentine government relented briefly in its persecution of dissidents. He then began writing for another paper but again had to go into hiding when the government closed it down. In July, 1976 he was arrested by the military and shortly thereafter executed.

Urondo wrote many books of poetry including *Historia Antigua* (1956), *Dos Poemas* (1958), *Lugares* (1961), and *Del Otro Lado* (1967). He also published two books of short stories: *Todo Eso* (1966), and *Al Tacto* (1967).

TRUTH IS THE ONLY REALTY

Reality is on the other side of these bars. Reality is also on this side of the bars. The only unreal things are the bars. Freedom is real even though you don't know very well if it belongs to the world of the living, to the world of the dead, to the world of fantasy, to the world of sleeplessness, to the world of exploitation or production. Dreams. Dreams are; memories, that body, that glass of wine, love and the fragility of love, of course, all form part of reality. A shot at night, in the forehead of these brothers, these sons, those unreal screams of real pain from the tortured in the eternal and evil Angelus in any group of policemen. They are part of memory. They don't necessarily assume the present, but belong to reality. The only things evident are the bars crossing the sky, the lost song of a prisoner, thief or fighter, the executed voice resuscitated on the third day of a long flight over Patagonia because massacres, salvation, belong to reality, like hope rescued from dust, from a summer's pureness. That is reality; like anger and convalescence of fear, breath that doesn't want to return after danger, like the plans of an entire people that march toward victory or toward death, that stumble, that learn to defend themselves, to take back what's theirs, their reality. Although at times it might seem a lie, the only lie. It's not even deceit. It is just these bars that don't belong to reality.

The Villa Devoto Prison, April 1973

PARKS AND GARDENS

Like those oriental plums. The hanged man swings from a streetlight. No one can forget him, as no one forgets the taste of exotic fruit.

Facts are ignored that killed off his somewhat limited wisdom, but everyone shares a grotesque certainty: When he stuck out his tongue he didn't have time to smile.

A moment before he could do it. He was among friends, far from worry, and he had a winning hand of cards.

We know what consequences face the lucky ones in the card game, but it's a shame that with that hand of cards he's had this unlucky end.

Those who represent order, don't play. The Federal Police are efficient. Their officers are well educated. They study many topics. They learn a few techniques of cunning and counter coup. It's an efficient body, but untimely.

They arrived after the poor hanged man stuck his tongue out. They arrived late. Late you chirp.

A couple managed to see him alive; his body was shaking, like in puberty you shake, and the two ran away. She had left behind her panties and began to feel cold.

It wasn't proper that the cold come in through there. God has designated that place for other visitors, no matter how many hanged men you run into in your life.

He's also probably cold all over. It'll also probably be cold there forever, the eternal silence, the eternal cold of death, it's taken over his manhood.

If they hadn't arrived late, if he hadn't been hanged, he could've grabbed the heart of the runaway girl and she would have loved him with delicate tenderness. But it's too late.

The patrol arrived late, too late with the officer with all that training that has the courage of not wearing panties of arriving late, of not sticking out his tongue.

Ah, the lawn! The soft lawn of Chacabuco Park! How many panties, how many virgins, how many hanged men has it seen disappear!

His tongue grows. It's erect, in order to possess the park's slippery night, the sticky hours of this world.

The wind stirs around and reveals forgotten forms, swinging the hanged man's body and shaking the poor girl with fear.

She's wandering through the park. She insisted on finding her lost panties.

She walks among the bloody shadows and can't avoid the cold slipping into her through the deepest confluence between her thighs.

There are no longer hanged men or police. Nor those desecrations which wake so much curiosity.

The lost belongings have been carried off, bodies without owners, without shuddering, the mocking of the dead.

Everything is in order at sunrise. Children sing. Birds play.

SALVADOR ALLENDE DIED AND WOUNDS WERE TORN OPEN

Salvador Allende died and again the apocalyptic wounds of Nicaragua, Brazil, Guatemala, Bolivia, all of Central and South America were torn open. Mountains collapsed, rivers dried up. Pablo Neruda died and all the words changed their meaning.

The working class was murdered in the whole world and no one came out to defend them in Chile and they hardly knew how to do it when extermination is the will of an imperial army. And now rivers have dried up, mountains have come crashing down, cows and iguanas have aborted dead birds in full flight. The entire language is left without breath, without peasants, air without light, because Salvador Allende died with his people. Brave like a boy, with arms in hand, like he was waiting in the presence of such tragedy to draw near.

HOLY FASCISM

The Vatican's Intimate Affair

By T. Jason

T. Jason teaches European Studies at Manitoba University in Canada. He specializes in Church Affairs and has been banned by the Vatican from using its library.



WHEN FASCISM swept Italy in the 1920s, the Catholic Church was anything but silent about the matter. Pope Pius

XI called Mussolini, "a man sent by providence." Cardinal Pacelli who was soon to become Pope Pius XII called the Italian dictator "the new Constantine." Maybe the most stunning appraisal of Il Duce came from Cardinal O'Connell of the U.S. who called him "a genius in the field of government, given to Italy by God." In 1933 as fascism rose in Germany, the Vatican hastily negotiated and signed a concordat with Hitler, recognizing him as dictator. This concordat, much to Hitler's delight prohibited Catholics from being socialists but not National Socialists. In Spain the Church openly supported Nationalist (fascist) forces and Pius XI wired Franco immediately after defeating the Republicans saying: "We give sincere thanks with your Excellency for the victory of Catholic Spain."

Such statements by high church officials bring one to ask the obvious question: what is the relationship between fascism and the Catholic Church? While the above statements reveal a good bit concerning individual church members' political sentiments, they do little to explain the institutional relationship between the Church and fascism. In order to understand this relationship we must first define fascism and understand what it demands from the Church, and secondly what specifically the Church demands from a society and its government.

Fascism is more than a brutally repressive government. Human rights abuses, censorship, torture, terror, and politically motivated murder are aspects of all too many governments whose ideological structures run the gamut from communism, feudalism, monarchy, theocracy, to capitalism. When Stalin purged thirty million people he's rightly called a communist, not a fascist, yet his crimes equaled Hitler's. The U.S. pursued a policy of genocide against selected Indian tribes during the Indian Wars (1700-1890) yet the form of government was liberal democracy,



MUSSOLINI: "A GENIUS IN THE FIELD OF GOVERNMENT. GIVEN TO ITALY BY GOD."

Cardinal O'Connell

not fascism. Repression has more to do with the nature of government than with any single ideology. While fascism encourages its ideologues to employ violence and terror, it is specifically a socio-economic system.

Fascism's prime feature is that it is capitalist and can rightfully be thought of as the bastard child of the profit motive. Industrial capitalists are the big economic winners under this system and urban and rural wage earners are the big losers. Whether we're examining Italian, German or Spanish fascism, the ideology remains basically the same: wages must be suppressed WHICH will enable industrialists to show a higher profit WHICH produces greater capital accumulation WHICH can be spent on further industrialization WHICH develops and modernizes an economy WHICH is to the benefit of the State. Segments of the capitalist class are substantially rewarded financially and socially under fascism and that's why the ideology is inherently capitalist. Fascism promotes and protects the capitalist class.

Fascism is a form of capitalism whereby a fraction of the ruling class, heavy industrialists, through their political representatives, seize power and compel the rest of the economic sectors to follow an economic and political policy that is in the sole interest of this single ruling fraction. The political representatives of big industrial-

ists have captured exclusive control of the State and the political representation of other segments of the economy—labor, middle-class parties, agricultural elites, etc.—are liquidated. The State forces adherence to this new and narrow political will by means of coercion. Not only do the new fascist leaders refuse to tolerate pluralistic economic policies that will benefit a broad spectrum of society, but they demand all segments and institutions of society be politically subservient to the State.

Subservience to the fascist State of all social institutions is a key ingredient of fascism. Nicos Poulantzas in his book *FASCISM AND DICTATORSHIP* elaborates on this by dividing society into two spheres. Within any state, whether it's capitalist democracy, communism or fascism, there will exist two institutional spheres: ideological and authoritarian. The ideological sphere includes organizations such as the Church, political parties, schools, and cultural and labor organizations. The authoritarian spheres are the military, state bureaucracy, and the political police. According to Poulantzas, under parliamentary democracy the ideological spheres have some autonomy from their authoritarian counterparts. That is to say they can act independently. Schools are free to teach a certain curriculum without the prior consent and supervision of the political police

nor the threat of repression. Labor unions are free to strike and political parties can organize at will. But under fascism this autonomy is destroyed and an ideological institution is made subservient to an authoritarian one. The military, state bureaucracy, or political police, whichever dominates under a given fascist system, monitors and controls educational, political, labor, cultural and religious institutions. An ideological institution which tries to continue its autonomy under fascism will face repression and must either bring itself into line with the ideological wishes of the fascist State or risk annihilation.

Therefore the Church and other ideological spheres must incorporate the political demands of the fascist state into their institutions. Fascism tolerates no independent or antagonistic thought or action in society. Schools must teach a curriculum compatible to fascist ideology. Trade unions are forced to cooperate with factory owners and in the interests of the new ruling bourgeoisie are prohibited from striking or making wage demands. And of course the Church must toe the fascist party line or suffer repression. All political parties are banned except the fascist party.

The reason fascism demands such rigid homogeneity within society stems from the conception of the State as the fundamental guarantor of society and therefore civilization. Individual action is anathema and viewed as harmful to society. Fascists, like their communist brethren, believe political competition is unhealthy for the welfare of the State. Consequently, "order" which in reality means obedience to the State, is hailed as a virtue. All social institutions must work harmoniously with one another for the benefit of the state and therefore society. If everyone were free to do as they pleased, Anarchy would sprout and the interests of the State threatened. Therefore a political police organization (such as the Gestapo) is created in order to enforce the narrow social and political demands of the new ruling elite and to repress anything in society that conflicts with fascist ideology.

Given that fascism will tolerate no autonomy of a society's ideological institutions, we can draw the conclusion that the Church must serve and represent fascist needs in order to survive within this system. Fascism will demand not that the Church remain politically neutral, but an active supporter of the regime. The fascist regime will want to monitor and control Church activities just as it will control the activities of labor, cultural or educational institutions. To understand how the Church responds to these demands of fascism we need to know what the Church needs from a government and how these needs square with fascism.

The first and most important need the Church has is that it be allowed to disseminate its theology in order to reproduce its clientele. That is to say the Church must be allowed to freely spread its religious dogma to all sections of the populace in order to maintain adherents and make new converts. A church that is prohibited from saying mass and denied access to spread its theology will surely shrivel up like a snake denied rodents to feed on. This

first church need is tied directly to its second need: money. The Church, like any other institution needs an income base in order to carry on an effective organization. Cathedrals, monasteries, schools, hospitals, nunneries, estates, ad infinitum, and their maintenance, keep the Church constantly at work trying to raise money. The Church must be free to raise money without interference from the State. If the Church could not raise money, its schools, hospitals, monasteries, etc. would have to close; Missionary programs would cease; the clergy would leave in droves if their vocations couldn't support them. This financial dissolution would in turn seriously damage the Church's



ability to reproduce its clientele.

An important way in which the Church reproduces its clientele is through access to education, especially public education. There it can mold the youth of a nation with Catholic dogma at an age that's very susceptible to authoritarian theology. Another way of maintaining followers is to pressure the State into enacting laws that suppress other religions such as Protestantism or Judaism. The Church strives to become the official state religion. The Church was successful in doing this in fascist Italy and Spain and also with several Latin American countries. By protecting its flock from heretical dogmas the Church safeguards itself from losing adherents. As for securing its income base the Church seeks tax exempt status and at times requests the State help support the clergy through public funds. Again fascist Italy and Spain supported the clergy with tax money. The Church also demands that it be allowed to invest its finances wherever the investment return is highest and so it views capitalism as a system which enhances its income base.

As a corollary of what a church needs in order to exist we must speak of its attitude toward socialism. The arch-enemy of the Church is atheism. This ultimate heresy if allowed to spread through society spells the inglorious end to all religious institutions. Socialism, especially its more radical forms, communism and anarchism, has definite atheist propensities and therefore is seen by the Church as a political enemy. If socialism is the enemy then capitalism as a fellow enemy of socialism is a de facto friend of the Church and the preferred form of government. The Church's needs of reproducing clientele and raising income are in complete tune with Vatican perception of capitalism, making this form of government an almost prerequisite for church existence in the 20th Century. Essentially the Church demands the State aid and facilitate the spreading of its theology for political and economic ends.

In order for the Church to extract such demands it must have a few bargaining chips of its own to barter with. Its most powerful bargaining chip is command of the ultimate social myth: that there exists an omnipotent deity and that they are its representatives here on earth. This gives the Church power to pronounce legitimacy and morality on any aspect of society, especially government (for complex social and psychological reasons, large segments of the population believe Church dogma and this manifests itself as political power for the Vatican). The fascist State is desperate for such legitimacy because it usually takes power through illegal and unpopular methods and demands the Church bless its authority and right to rule. The Church can also propagate the myth of obedience to authority, which it is only too happy to do as it is not only in the interest of the State but of its own theology as well. The Church has a vast capability of gathering intelligence (spying) on all segments of society and the fascist State will demand collusion in this area. Politically, the Church usually controls large voting blocks (usually through Catholic political parties) and their support is given in return for state concessions.

The fascist State demands the Church support and propagate the ideals of fascism in return for granting any concessions of power. This role of the Church fits with Poulantzas' theory that ideological institutions are made subservient to authoritarian ones under

fascism. Understanding the Church's most basic needs along with understanding the demands of fascism allows us to integrate the demands and needs of the two institutions and see their result. Can the Church as an ideological institution be adapted to serve the fascist State and is this subservience in the interest of both the Church and fascism?

The demands of the Church on the State are essentially that it wants the separation between the two nullified. It wants the State to be officially Catholic because then the State will be biased TOWARD Catholicism. When the State is officially Catholic, it is much more likely to pass laws giving the Church tax exempt status, access to the public school system, and pursue policies supporting the clergy with public monies and repressing other religions as it did in fascist Italy and Spain. Breaking down the barriers between Church and State is in the interest of the Church because it facilitates reproduction of clientele and maintenance of an income base. On the other hand the State wants to infiltrate and engage in the "fascistization" of all ideological institutions in order that they comply with state demands.

Quite simply the State demands the Church support the fascist order. The Church is likely to do this because contrary to its needs being compromised, they are enhanced by the destruction of the separation of Church and State. As for the corporate and undemocratic aspects of fascism, the Church is biased toward this form of government because through it Church demands can be more easily met. For example, legislating the suppression of other religions could never be accomplished under parliamentary democracy because Protestant and Jewish political representation

The extent to which the Church got all its major demands shows how strong a political force it was in Italy and just how much fascism needed its support. Paul Blanchard summed up Church policy in Italy when he wrote: "In a nation that was nominally 99% Catholic, the Church probably had the power to destroy fascism at the source, but chose instead acquiescence and, in the end co-operation." Co-operation shouldn't surprise us as with such a treaty the Church gained a great deal. The Church could satisfy its two basic needs and was only too happy to endorse a regime that allowed it to do so. It's interesting to note that the \$90 million given to the Church was invested in banking, railroads, utilities, textiles and agriculture and went a long way toward securing their income base.

A good example of how the Church responds to fascism's demand that it become a proponent of fascist ideology is born out by Catholic education in Spain. When Franco took power, Catholicism was declared the official religion and the Church was given control of education. The following excerpt is taken from a textbook taught to all Spanish children by the clergy.

What are the freedoms which liberalism defends? Freedom of conscience, freedom of worship, and freedom of the press.

What does freedom of the press mean? The right to print and publish without previous censorship all kinds of opinion, however absurd and corrupting, they might be.

Must the government suppress this freedom by means of censorship? Obviously yes.

German people are now called by the Party and especially by the Fuehrer to a real Christianity...The Fuehrer is the herald of a new revelation.

If this wasn't enough the Nazis drew up a program for the "National Reich Church" which included the following points:

1. The National Reich Church of Germany categorically claims the exclusive power to control all churches within the border of the Reich: it declares these to be national churches of the German Reich.

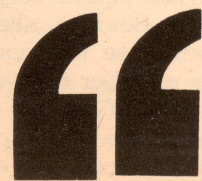
13. The National Reich Church demands immediate cessation of the publishing and dissemination of the Bible in Germany.

15. The National Church will clear away from its altars all crucifixes, Bibles and pictures of saints.

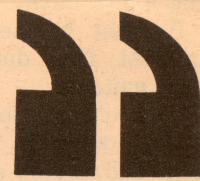
19. On the altars there must be nothing but MEIN KAMPF and to the left of the altar a sword.

30. On the day of its foundation, the Christian Cross must be removed from all churches, cathedrals and chapels... and it must be superseded by the only unconquerable symbol, the swastika.

Clearly German fascism unlike its Spanish and Italian counterparts was seeking to destroy Christianity. Borman, one of the men closest to Hitler said publicly in 1941 that "National Socialism and Christianity are irreconcilable." It's a gross understatement to say that Nazi attempts to stamp out Christianity were harmful to the Church's ability to reproduce its clientele, so consequently the Church and State became enemies. The Catholic Church was never so strong in Germany that the Nazis needed its support in order to



POSITIVE CHRISTIANITY IS NATIONAL SOCIALISM!



— HANS KERRL
NAZI Minister for Church Affairs

would exist and make such legislation impossible. In fact the Catholic Church chooses a corporate structure in governing itself and understands its efficiency. Therefore we can see that Catholicism and fascism share a common belief that Church and State should be fused together. This overlapping of institutional desires can manifest itself in the Church supporting fascism.

Of course if the fascist State has no desire to become officially Catholic because it has no need for the political endorsement of the Church, it will suppress that institution. On the other hand, if the State interferes in proselytizing or fund raising, the Church will refuse to enter into any pact with it. But how the Church fares under a given fascist state is largely due to the institutional demands of a given fascist system and the power of the Church in that society. Each institution is solely concerned with meeting its own needs.

Now let's look at a few historical facts and see how they square with my above remarks.

By far the best example of the Church and fascist state working together to fulfill separate institutional needs was in Italy under Mussolini. In 1929 Church and State signed the Lateran Treaty which gave the Church vast concessions in return for dissolving the Catholic Popular Party and giving public support to the fascist Party. The main articles of the treaty were as follows.

1. Establishment of the Vatican State.
2. \$90 million to be paid to the Church for reparation of the Papal States.
3. Establishment of Catholicism as official state religion.
4. Catholicism permitted to be taught in public schools.
5. Partial support of priests from the public treasury.
6. Clergy free from taxation.

Why? Because it must prevent deception, calumny and corruption of its subjects, which harm the general good.

Are there other pernicious freedoms? Yes, freedom of propaganda and freedom of assembly.

Why are these freedoms pernicious? Because they serve to teach error, propagate vice, and plot against the Church.

This astounding question and answer exercise espouses some of the key social tenets of fascism: Liberalism (democracy) is bad, as are free speech and individuality enemies of the fascist social order and must be suppressed. The trade-off is crystal clear. The Church is given control of education and in return teaches fascist ideology.

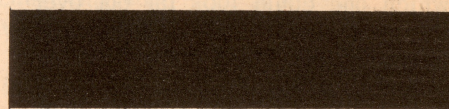
Germany is an interesting case to look at because the Church fares poorly under their fascist system to the point of persecution. This was because German fascism viewed all religions as a threat to their power and sought to destroy existing religious institutions and reconstitute their followers under a Reich religion far more in tune with the specific wishes of National Socialism. This is borne out by the following statement by Hans Kerrl, Minister for church affairs under Hitler:

The Party stands on the basis of Positive Christianity, and Positive Christianity IS National Socialism...and National Socialism is the doing of God's will. God's will reveals itself in German blood...Christianity consists in faith in Christ as the Son of God. That makes me laugh. No, Christianity is not dependent upon the Apostle's Creed...True Christianity is represented by the Party, and the

survive and so could afford to repress this ideological institution they regarded as a threat to the fascist state. The German example makes clear that the strength of the Church in a given society has a great deal to do with how fascism will deal with it. The stronger the Church is the more valuable is its use to fascist wishes; the weaker it is the more expendable.

Church and State are branches of the same tree, authoritarianism, so it shouldn't surprise us that the Catholic Church shares certain common interests with a fascist state. Both institutions are enemies of individuality and free thinking. Both seek to subordinate the individual to an oppressive institution that in the case of the Church is literally inhuman. Count Coudenhove summed up the fascist sympathies of Catholicism well when he wrote:

Catholicism is the fascist form of Christianity. The Catholic hierarchy rests fully and securely on the leadership principle with the infallible Pope in supreme command for a lifetime. Like the fascist party its priesthood becomes a medium for an undemocratic minority rule by a hierarchy. Catholic nations follow fascist doctrines more willingly than Protestant nations, which are the main strongholds of democracy. Democracy lays its stress on personal conscience; fascism on authority and obedience.



Classic Reprint

B. TRAVEN

Indian Dance in the Jungle

This short story by Traven was first published by the Buchergild Gutenberg in Berlin in 1928. It was part of a collection entitled Der Busch. The story wasn't translated into English until 1975 by Mina C. and Arthur Klein and published in a book entitled The Kidnapped Saint.

FOR several months I had lived in a primitive hut in the jungle. To get to the next settlement where a white family lived I had to ride about three hours. All the people in my vicinity were Indians. But even the nearest of them was half an hour's ride from my place.

It was a late afternoon in November, near the end of the month, and very hot. I sat half-naked in front of my hut and read. All at once, an Indian, my nearest neighbor, rode up in an easygoing way, sat down next to me, and we talked for a while about all the work that was waiting for us to do. Allegedly waiting, because really none of us did any of it—neither the Indian nor I.

Following this preamble about lots of work and little money for it, my neighbor got around to the real point of his visit.

"Señor," he said laughing, "tonight we're holding a dance. We have musica, muy bonita, and I too will play beautifully, guitarra. I've learned it five days."

By that he meant that he'd begun just five days earlier to play the guitar.

"We're going to have a lot of fun," he continued. "You're here so alone and so very sad, Señor...."

I wasn't a bit sad; quite the contrary. I was quite happy not to be hearing streetcars, autos, or ringing telephones. But if you don't take an Indian woman into your hut as cook, then, in the opinion of the Indians, you are sad beyond all doubt. True enough. But I couldn't produce the eight pesos a month that a cook would want as wages.

"That's why I would like to invite you, Señor. Come over to our dance; you can eat supper at my place."

"Will pretty girls be coming?" I asked.

"Señor dammitall, the very prettiest who live around here!"

Right after sundown I set out. If I didn't want to try to find my way through the bush in the raven-black night, I had to hurry, because once the sun vanishes on the horizon, you have just barely time to turn around and night is upon you without your being able to say how it got there so swiftly.

My neighbor's hut was on the same mountain-chain as my bear-den of a hut, but he lived even farther off the beaten paths and deeper into the thickets. Why he had withdrawn himself so far is another story.

The place was idyllic. About a dozen gigantic ebony trees were scattered around his jungle clearing that formed a sort of plateau from which one could look far out over the level jungle land. These noble trees did not stand there like indifferent columns. With the long gray beards of moss hanging from their branches, they gave the im-

pression of being aged but very jolly gentlemen, waiting there with much pleasure for the dance to begin.

Two Indians and their wives were already there. After the very polite greetings were over, I was invited to come into the hut and have supper. There were black beans, tortillas, and coffee.

Meanwhile more guests arrived, all Indians. I was the only white person and probably was invited merely because I was a fellow-resident of this wild jungle district. The Indians came riding on horses, mules, or donkeys. Many had no saddles. All brought their wives and children. Sometimes husband, wife, and two children sat on the same horse, while the wife held a nursing infant in her arms. In bags of woven bark they brought tortillas in case they should get hungry, for the dancing continues till dawn.

The women carried in sacks their flimsy muslin dresses and low patent-leather shoes. They arrived either barefoot or wearing simple homemade sandals, and had on their cheap cotton dresses.

As soon as they had dismounted, assisted in a courteous manner by their husbands, they withdrew into a corner of the reed hut or behind it and changed their clothes. They washed themselves again, using soap that smelled strongly of patchouli and musk. Then they let down their long raven-black hair and combed it carefully.

The moon had come up, a round, shining, ripe full moon. And it glided in majestic calm over the vibrantly clear night sky.

By and by the women came forward shyly, smoothing down the folds of their thin garments. Their dresses were short, in keeping with the style, had short sleeves, and exposed their throats and necks. Into their unbound hair they had fastened flowers. Some of the women were hardly fifteen or sixteen, yet already had their infants with them. All the other women, who had no infants, were expecting them soon.

The host of the dance had laid several boards over a couple of rotting wooden chests so the ladies could sit down. The men stood around chatting. They had not changed their clothes, because they had nothing to change into. They wore their usual yellow or blue coarse cotton trousers, white or colored cotton shirts, sandals or shoes, and their big, pointed, high-crowned straw hats. Jackets or vests they did not have. In place of these, some had brought along brown, red, or multicolored woolen blankets, in case it should grow cool during the night.

The women had big black cotton scarves that they wore around their shoulders. These scarves serve as hat, as veil, as warm muf-

fler, as shawl, often as handkerchief, and sometimes even as nursing baby's diaper; and, when folded as a head pad for heavy jugs of water that have to be carried up from streams.

The musicians also had had their black beans and coffee. Then they rolled themselves cigarettes, and when these had been smoked, the music began. One violin and one guitar. My neighbor wasn't playing yet; he wanted to dance first.

He had a pretty wife, pure full-blooded Indian. She was the best-dressed of all the women, with flowers which she had placed very tastefully in her hair. Besides, she had perfumed herself. She was not quite twenty years old. Her eldest son, about five years of age, revealed himself during the night to be an excellent solo dancer, and a consumer of at least twenty cigarettes. His mother was the only one who did not smoke among all the women, men, girls, and children present. Every other human being past the age of six smoked like mad.

If only one-fifth of what the nonsmokers and anti-nicotine fanatics say about the damage done by smoking were true, then the Indian race would have long ago died out, gone blind, or insane; for the Indians have been smoking tobacco an estimated eleven thousand years longer than all other peoples.

As soon as the music began, the dancing started. Of the hesitations that often make the first hour of a dancing party seem like a funeral ceremony, these people know nothing. For them, dancing is not a seduction by Beelzebub, and even less is it something contrary to the dignity of a human being. Women were there with their children and also with their grandchildren who themselves were already pregnant. Meanwhile, the about-to-be great-grandmother herself still had a nursing infant at her breast. And this defiantly vital great-grandmother danced no less often and no less gracefully than the fifteen-year-old girls.

The women nursed their infants without showing any prudery or shame. It took place so naturally, so openly, as if a bottle of milk were being given to the baby. When the little ones had drunk their fill, they were wrapped in a black cotton scarf and laid flat on the ground, right under the bench, but pushed back a little so the heels of the dancers' shoes would not touch them. The babies then slept contentedly and steadily until about midnight, when they made themselves heard, and again found their mothers' two milk containers filled, even though she had not missed a single dance in the meantime.

If you know from experience what crawls around on the ground

at night in the tropical jungle—even in an illuminated clearing like this one—then you get ice-cold chills to see the little infants bedded down there.

The older children played for a while, then got tired, laid themselves down on the bare earth beside the infants, pulled their knees up as high as possible, and slept like little mice. If their father had a blanket along, it was pushed under the child who was wrapped up like a tree trunk—until the next-older brother or sister came along, tired too, and was wrapped up along with the first sleeper.

More guests continued to ride up until about nine o'clock. It made an uncanny impression on me when suddenly in the midst of the music and dancing, a woman—or, less frequently—a man, would pause a few seconds, seem to be listening into the night, and then would say, "Here comes another couple. Who can they be?"

The path to this clearing led in long, heavily overgrown curves through the thick jungle. Even by day from the best lookout point you could see no one more distant than about three hundred yards. As a result of the music and the conversation, you could hear nothing that took place beyond a short distance.

When someone said, "A couple is coming on a mule," at least ten minutes, or often longer, passed before the announced arrivals could be seen. This gift of clairvoyance is even more developed among tribes that live farther south, and has a truly uncanny effect.

The musicians played entirely by ear. From time to time the fiddler would switch to playing the guitar and the guitarist to the fiddle. When a musician wanted to dance, one of the Indians would take up his instrument and play, perhaps not quite so well as the musicians—who were, naturally, not professionals—but as well as all the rest of the Indian woodchoppers and charcoal burners.

My neighbor also hastened to demonstrate what he had learned in five days. I knew he had his guitar no longer than that because I had seen him bringing it home after he had borrowed it. Somebody had shown him how it should be held, shown him a few finger-positions, and that was all. What he now gave out was really amazing. True, he had only to provide accompaniment for the fiddle, but even that must be mastered. A couple of times he probably did make mistakes, but always found his way back to the right tone by himself.

The fiddler, a small, slender lad, danced rather seldom with the girls. He preferred to perform grotesque solo dances. These solo dances were so primitively comic that they not only made the Indians laugh until they seemed about to burst, but I too, had to laugh so hard that my sides hurt.

The art of the dance can't be described—and even less so that of such grotesque dances.

American one-steps and fox-trots were played; also waltzes, which were danced here like the old-fashioned polkas, only much more slowly, similar to the so-called "Boston". The round-waltz, or Viennese waltz, is quite unknown here. They also danced a sort of "Rheinlaender". These dances had little interest for me.

continued on next page...

BOOKS

TURNING THE TIDE: US Intervention in Central America and the Struggle for Peace

By Noam Chomsky
South End Press 1985
298pp. \$10.00

CONTRA TERROR IN NICARAGUA

by Reed Brody
South End Press 1985
206pp. \$8.50

Reviewed by John Bichsel

As WWII ended, the US government supported fascism in Asia, Korea, and Greece; with the assistance of the Vatican, US agents shepherded Nazi war criminals to Latin America where they formed the "Black International," a fascist network adapted to US policy in the region. Nazis, so proficient in torture, interrogation, and murder, became highly valued advisors to the likes of Stroessner, Pinochet, and the Argentine generals. In his new book *Turning the Tide*, Noam Chomsky traces the criminals to El Salvador, Guatemala, and Nicaragua, which "establishes a direct link between Nazi Germany and the killing fields in Central America."

By detailing the whole horrible history of US aggression in Central America, this book reveals what makes the state tick, knowledge which is essential for change. Wisely, Chomsky lets state leaders speak for themselves, and we hear President Taft saying the hemisphere will be ours "by virtue of

our superiority of race," as "it already is ours morally," as well as Teddy Roosevelt snorting that Colombians resisting US domination were "damned dagoes," and LBJ crying that the Vietnamese were making the US "impotent and easy prey to any yellow dwarf with a pocket knife." These and many more litmanies plainly show an honorable commitment to tyranny, racism, and greed; education of such state traditions makes logical a popular resistance to its cruel dynamic.

In their respective domains the US and USSR act similarly, each perverting the word "socialism" to manage their citizens. Each calls the other an "Evil Empire," and they are both right. To learn of the USSR we can look at Eastern Europe, while for the US a glance at the Caribbean and Central America is instructive. This region has long been reserved for exclusive US domination, and the crushing of democratic rumblings has been constant. Since 1954 the US has toppled the reformist regimes of Arbenz, Goulart, Bosch, and Allende, to name a few. The sordid history includes 1923, when the US armed forces fought United Fruit over control of Honduras, a dispute which was settled by the State Department.

Today we are living through the worst period. Carter's human rights regime equipped and trained Salvadoran death squads while Israel helped provide enough jets, guns, and napalm to destroy villages, livestock, and crops in a vicious scorched earth campaign. At Rio Sumpul in 1980 600 terrified

villagers were herded into the water to be gunned down and bayoneted by US trained soldiers. At El Playón, the notorious Carter/Duarte dumping ground for trash and butchered bodies, mothers appeared daily to search among hundreds of freshly tortured corpses for their missing families. In the US we hear little of places like Los Llanitos, Gualsinga, Las Hojas or other sites of US-sponsored atrocities.

What are the crimes of the teachers, students, and peasants we attack? They have had the audacity to want to eat, learn to read, and receive medicine—communist acts by US standards. "Democracy" is a village without potable water or electricity, where illiteracy and malnutrition are rampant; a "democracy" is Honduras, where 75% of five-year-olds are malnourished, or Guatemala, where 35% of all children die before reaching five. To escape this poverty is subversive, and starving communists are everywhere to be found—and exterminated. Tens of thousands of innocent people have been murdered under Carter and Reagan, in what Chomsky calls "a level of barbaric state terror that has few contemporary parallels."

The evil intent of US policy is to bolster corporate power and glut further a few already obese oligarchs in Central America. In countries which must import corn and rice to barely feed their people, vast tracts of fertile land are hoarded for coffee, beef, cotton, and fruit. In Honduras beef production has over doubled since 1960; but beef consumption declined as "exports increased over 500% for hamburgers, hot dogs and pet foods in the US." As Nicaragua moved away from this type of "democracy" in 1979 and reversed starvation, illiteracy, and disease, it was ferociously attacked. Among the elites, there is true fear that such an example will spread.

And I danced and danced. The younger women and girls were at first a little shy toward me, but they gained confidence when they saw that I didn't bite and that I moved my legs in dancing just like the men of their tribe; also that I wore only trousers, shirt, and hat, and passed out my cigarettes. Soon I was able to do the Indian dance, which made the people wonder more than a little. True, I was not able to sing in the Indian style, and never will learn how; to do that, long practice is necessary, which, in the case of the masters, has lasted ten thousand years.

Soon I had discovered the best dancer among the women, and during the second half of the night I chose her, with few exceptions, for dance after dance—which no one seemed to hold against me. She was the great-grandmother. Her face was blackish-brown leather, wrinkled and creased; her eyes were black; her long, wispy hair was still blacker; and her skin gave off a sharp, pungent odor. Possibly if you encountered her in Central Europe you would take her for the Devil's grandmother. But she danced like a goddess, and her grace and charm as she danced were of great beauty.

* * * * *

Sunrise subdued the moon, subdued the music. Unobtrusively one woman after another withdrew behind the hut, coming out again after a while clad in her rags and carrying a little bundle. Just as unobtrusively, without farewell scenes, they mounted their horses and donkeys and vanished without a sound.

The risen sun found a bare clearing on which it seemed no one had ever danced or perhaps ever dreamed of dancing.

Apart from the shocking scale of violence in Central America, Chomsky is mainly concerned with how the elites who control banks and corporations profit from war, and why they persist with their destructive folly. The key is weapons production, which readily strengthens their power. Aggression, the threat of war, low intensity conflicts, and the ever present militaristic trumpeting justifies and stimulates spiraling arms manufacture, at the expense of the rest of society. Nuclear weapons provide cover for the police actions and invasions which secure resources, but the price tag of these bombs is also of great appeal. Immune from reason, the elites see the arms race as good because programs like Star Wars are irresistibly lucrative.

The price we pay is an unstable economy, perpetual conflict, and probable extinction. There are "more efficient and less dangerous techniques of economic management than military spending," but they "do not serve to enhance existing privilege and power as does the creation of a state-guaranteed market" for the military system. This leaves the majority to "rent themselves to those who control capital and resources, means of production and distribution, while decisions over investment and other crucial matters are removed in principle from democratic control."

Frustration is common when bloodbaths occur regularly, seemingly beyond our control, and nuclear obliteration is a constant threat. And yet, we need not be held hostage by war-mongers who stupidly nurture hostility in their own maniacal self-interest. The state wants "a disciplined, apathetic and submissive public that will not challenge their privilege and the orderly world in which it thrives." The state is afraid that people might see the hypocrisy of first savagely assaulting Nicaragua and then accusing it of creating an army. But the state is transparent and predictable, and it has many weaknesses. In the US a tradition of civil liberties, access to information, and the inability of the state to use wanton violence gives people room to organize. If we can learn from history, we will see that the popular protests during Vietnam "raised the costs to the war criminals who conducted it." It is inspiring to remember that those protests caused hatred and contempt "among the commissars who trembled with fear and indignation at the sight of young men and women who dared to defy the Holy State."

To turn the tide of a rampaging, militaristic society takes education and organization. It is essential to know the anatomy of the state and the range of alternatives must leave nothing of the war economy intact, and peace must become the impetus for production. Only then will a fairer and less terrifying world be possible. To that end Noam Chomsky has made another valuable contribution.

* * * * *

Another book from South End Press gives a perfect example of how to sting the State. *Contra Terror in Nicaragua* is Reed Brody's grisly account of dozens of contra atrocities, which he compiled while working independently in Nicaragua, taking sworn affidavits from over 140 victims of attacks. This book pinches a sensitive statist nerve, judged by the huge outbreak of vile and inane prattle. Even Reagan rose to wag his awful skull and spew the silliest of his pernicious lies. Such frenetic state reaction is good, for it may finally disgust a drugged public.

The contras are altar boys whose butter knives are too dull to slit throats, says Reagan. Likewise, the brownshirts were just civic-minded young men. Brody's report

continued on page 8

B. Traven continued...

However, about every fourth dance was what I wanted to see—an original dance. I have seen birds doing the same sort of dance in their mating seasons. They dance then in the same manner, displaying themselves before each other, which is uncommonly funny.

During the dance, the Indian couples alternately approach and then retreat from each other, but never touch, not even with their hands. At certain intervals the music stops and the musicians, as well as the men who are dancing without women partners, replace the music with singing. This singing is done at the highest range of the human voice and is a very rhythmic, yet shrill and screeching modulation of tones that have hardly any human quality. (The battle-cry of the Aztecs was a very high, shrill cry which filled the Spaniards with terror the first time they heard it.) A trace of terror overcomes you even when this singing is done for purely pleasurable purposes. Only in the case of this dance, and not otherwise, did I feel I was living in another world, that centuries divided me from my own time, and thousands of miles from my own race; that I was living on another planet than the one on which I had been born.

* * * * *

The moon now stood high over me. The tropical night sky was as glisteningly clear as a great black pearl. A white shimmering radiance lay like a flowing thin silken veil on the plateau, and it lay like a twinkling fog of light on the wide jungle. It was the dazzling radiance of day, hidden in a

thick white cloud. Myriads upon myriads of grasshoppers, crickets, and tiny beetles sang the eternally ancient, unchanging song of the tropical night, while in the nearby bush and in the jungle, merciless struggles for life and love were fought.

A light wind stirred the gray beards of the ebony trees, and it was as if these old gentlemen, hundreds of years old, nodded to one another and told one another amusing things.

The tethered horses pawed the earth and sniffed, while the donkeys nibbled off poor dried-up stalks, chewed, and now and again brayed plaintively to frighten away the tigers who were creeping through the jungle.

Now and again a pig ran between the legs of the dancers, while another scratched its back on a wooden saddle that lay on the ground, and a third, grunting comfortably, wallowed in the mud formed where coffee dregs had been poured out.

A baby began to cry softly, and its mother let go of her dance partner, ran to the tiny bundle that was rolling on the ground, picked it up, unwrapped it, unbuttoned her dress, seated herself on the bench, and nursed the baby while she watched the dancers with amusement.

Every dance was played until the dancers were so exhausted that they had to lead their women partners to the bench. Only water was drunk, and that in large quantities. Two boys constantly had to run with a pail to a rainwater pool which lay in the jungle, and which at nighttime attracted all kinds of dangerous guests who were driven to it by thirst.

* * * * *

End of the Line

HAYMARKET '86

By R.S. Spear

"Hurray for Anarchy!" The voices of the condemned men rang out as the hangman tightened the the nooses around their necks. For months Parsons, Spies, Engel, and Fischer had made speeches expounding the tenets of Anarchism. They explained why the State, with its bosses, priests, and politicians, was cruel and unnecessary. Before a corrupt judge, a bribed jury, and a spineless press they calmly and persuasively proved their innocence. But a cold and brutal judge took his nod from the Robber Barons, and the execution date was set.

Now, 100 years later, the ideals of the Haymarket anarchists will once again permeate the streets of Chicago as a worldwide gathering blossoms on May 1. Looking back, we see how big capital laughed while people slaved 12 hours a day for crumbs, as children had their hands mangled in machines. And when the workers and immigrants petitioned their masters for decency the answer, as Albert Parsons wrote, was "curses, blows, imprisonment, and death."

The Chicago anarchists fought inhumane social conditions with alternatives firmly in mind. They lived their alternatives in the printshops, factories, and streets where

they worked. The impetus for their organizing came from the laborers themselves, and the anarchists were not paid or rewarded with high positions for their efforts.

"Hurray For Anarchy!"

Some claim that things have improved for the world. But there are still deadening jobs, poverty, swinish police who dish out authoritarianism commensurate with a person's wealth, and bands of state-sponsored terrorists who fight a dozen dirty little wars. In fact, the scale of state terror today has increased far beyond the comprehension of anyone 100 years ago.

The state is still the true thief, the cause of crime, war, and poverty. The state strongly resists reform which reduces the status of its most powerful segments. No matter how hoarsely liberals or communists shout or reform they are

always seduced by the state, and are soon churning out the same offal: Laws, repression, and police. Liberals may vote all day long for "representatives" and still they will never staunch the flow of bombs. As for the communists, they have given us the most stolid authoritarian state in history. Only anarchism resists the evil inherent in the state; the others employ it.

Anarchism is not to the "left" of communism, it is in another dimension. Anarchism negates the state, as completely as night swallows day. Fascists and communists do not hate each other so much that they won't unite to crush any independent impulse coming from groups not beholden to power structures. And so anarchy has been crimped many times, losing precious years of effort in education and example. Now there are people moving on Illinois to commemorate the Chicago anarchists; Anarchism is slowly growing back, gaining in advocates, learning from its past mistakes.

Also slithering toward Chicago are politicians, union bosses, and Bolsheviks, who all hope to bask in the glory of the State's crime; they are armed with rhetoric to praise the anarchists, but will shun their words and brush aside their

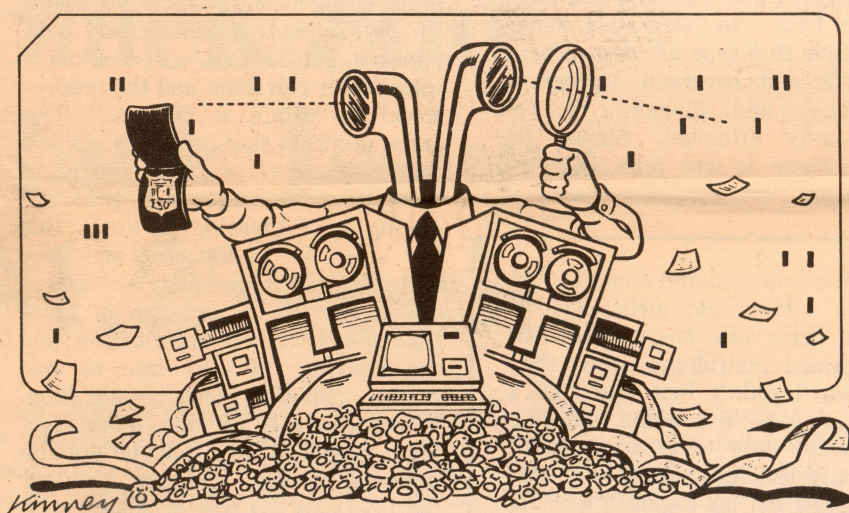
ideals even as they do homage. So we must be there to remind them again: There is no fine line separating statist and anarchists, there is an impenetrable chasm.

No doubt the Bolsheviks will drone on tirelessly about the "vanguard party" and offer dreary apologies for the "deformed" workers' state. We will have the pleasure of collapsing such buffoonery with good anarchist argument.

On May 1-4 we'll be in Chicago to keep the accolades honest. Arrangements have been made for cheap housing, transportation, and food. There will be art exhibits, films, rallies, and workshops on anarchist economics, worker control, alternative communities, and much more. Parades and mass meetings will remember Parsons, Spies, Engel, and Fischer, their families and their comrades.

If capitalism needed to be broken in 1886, it needs it even more today. This centennial can set the agenda for future gatherings and exchanges, and lay the social groundwork for the 21st century, when Anarchism will cease being the sneeze of a gnat. People will flock to anarchy because it proclaims the freedom which burns in all human hearts. It is the alternative to priests, landlords, bosses, and police whose collective legacy is fear and exploitation. Hurray for anarchy! For information write to the address below, or just hit the road for Chicago. See you there!

Haymarket '86
Box 102
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Fred Woodworth, editor

BOOK REVIEW CONTINUED

is terrible to read. Account after bloody account leads to the chilling conclusion that brave contras regularly invade rural areas, kick in people's doors, and go on sprees of torture, mutilation, and rape of men, women and children, including the infirm. They kidnap and leave villages and farms burnt to the ground. Their actions are premeditated, official policy. Several groups have checked Brody's informants, and all verified the report.

The contras' objective is to sow terror, and they strew torn bodies in their wake to show the peasants who's boss. One man was found castrated, hung on a wire fence, his throat slit, his tongue removed, his belly cut open and spilled on the ground. Another woman's husband and 5 children were taken in the night by contras; she found them the next day:

They were left all cut up.
Their ears were pulled off,
their throats were cut, their
noses and other parts were
cut off.

The contras have taken a terrible toll, destroying hospitals, schools, and factories. They have displaced 120,324 people; left 250,000 people without health care; driven 100,000 people from their schools. 13,930 people are dead, 35,000 wounded, and 3,791 kidnapped.

It is unlikely the contras will ever get any popular support or hold any territory inside Nicaragua for more than ten minutes. They have brutalized common people, not politicians or soldiers, and they have shown the monstrous vision of their state; Honduras will have to contra-sit forever.

It is also the common people in Nicaragua who scare the US, not the FSLN. Repressive governments the US doesn't mind; people power makes them blanch.

Brody adds an appendix of top contra resumes to his report. In a failed attempt to whiten their

image a millionaire coca-cola magnate and a banker now release statements from Miami. The real power, however, is squarely in the hands of the National Guard, who command 46 out of 48 top positions; they include Somoza's former pilot and some of his favorite torturers. Their schooling is limited to kicking in doors and killing, and they desperately want to rule.

A second interesting appendix describes more than 20 right wing groups in the US who collectively have sent the contras more than \$20 million, a helicopter, rocket launchers, and gringo mercenaries. Together, these groups are a frightening swarm of Nazis, racists, and Moon loons, with the likes of Joseph Coors, Pat Robertson, and Nelson B. Hunt jostling for the job of head lackey. The most heinous lapdog is General "Ears" Singlaub, former head of a "Unconventional Killing" unit in Vietnam, and leader of the World Anti-Communist League (WACL), an organization riddled with proponents of racial purity and anti-semitism. Also "WACL extended membership to Italy's principal neo-fascist party, which was headed by a member of Mussolini's government." Singlaub, who deals directly with the White House, openly solicits bullets and bombs at his fundraisers.

Congress recently rebuffed Reagan, but soon they will surely lay supine and resume the trade in corpses. The US war elite will not tolerate the threat of peace. The conflict may seem small, but it represents the giant engines which drive the profitable industries of death. And yet, the state has been stung, their innate hypocrisy and violent greed exposed. Even though they hatch like gnats, they suffer setbacks at our hands. Thanks to Brody, more people understand the state, which was his goal: "Let us hope that US citizens will not permit the US government to continue repeating the crimes." The courageous Nicaraguans who took tremendous risks to tell their stories also believed that if we were told the truth "we would not allow the brutality committed in our name to continue."